Table of Contents

1. Chapter 1- The Reaping
2. Chapter 2
3. Chapter 4
4. Chapter 5
5. Chapter 6
6. Chapter 8
7. Chapter 10
8. CHAPTER 11 IS OUT!

Chapter 1- The Reaping

Welcome to my second book! Make sure you've read Warrior Cats Hunger Games before you start this one, or I can assure, you'll be very confused. Anyway, enjoy, and remember to tell me what you think in the comments!

(Dovewing's POV)

"Welcome to this year's Hunger Games reaping!" Tigerstar yowled as the noise of excitedly chatting cats died down. "The first thing you should know is that we have added rules this year. Hawkfrost?" The dark brown tabby stepped back to let his son jump into the spotlight of the moon above.

Dovewing shuddered as the pale moonlight caught Hawkfrost's blue eyes and made them shine coldly. She pressed close to her sister, Ivypool, her heart beating. It was finally time for Ivypool to return to the arena. Her freedom was over, and in return of the tributes lives she had promised to enter the Hunger Games next year. This was next year. It was time.

"Number one: we will only let in warriors this time. That means no medicine cats, leaders, queens, elders, kits, or apprentices." Hawkfrost declared. The clearing burst into relieved sighs and meows of approval. "Secondly: this year there are only five leaf packages instead of ten." He smirked, and waited for the groans to stop. "Thirdly: there is no volunteering of any kind allowed. If your name is drawn, you're in; no way out." Hawkfrost backed off into the shadows as Tigerstar rose to his paws and lashed his tail to silence the howls of protest.

"And," he declared, "finally, as you all know, Ivypool was last years Hunger Games winner. She volunteered to rejoin this year, in return of all the dead tributes being allowed to return safely to their clans. Ivypool, come up here."

Dovewing gave her sister an encouraging nudge and licked her

cheek.

"You'll be ok!" She whispered, watching in concern as Ivypool sprang up onto the stone stage. She envied her sisters confidence. Dovewing tried to persuade herself that Ivypool would make it, but she knew she didn't really have a chance. This year was much harsher.

"Let's make this quick and snappy, shall we? Mapleshade will draw out the names of ShadowClan first!" Tigerstar sat down as the evil tortoiseshell she-cat dipped her paw into the hole.

"The toms are- Cedarheart, Flintfang and Redwillow." She called across the crowd of cats. The three toms leapt up and took a seat, and all eyes were soon on her again. "The she-cats are- Kinkfur, Olivenose and Tawnypelt." Three more cats sat down next to the toms.

"The RiverClan toms are... Timberfur, Sparrowfeather and Nettlepad. And the she-cats are Reedshine, Petalfur and Ottersplash." Mapleshade waited for the six RiverClan cats to settle down, them went on. "And... the WindClan toms are: Acorntail, Deadfoot and Redclaw. The she-cats are- Furzepelt, Greypool and Heathertail!" She nodded to the WindClan cats before carrying on.

"And lastly, the ThunderClan toms are... Berrynose, Foxleap and Dustpelt. And the she-cats are- Ivypool, of course, Hollyleaf," she hesitated for dramatic effect, "and Dovewing!"

Dovewing gasped and froze. She couldn't believe it. She staggered to her feet and struggled to remain calm as she paced across the stage. Cheers rang in her ears and the bright moonlight blinded her. It seemed to take forever until Dovewing finally took a seat next to a shocked Ivypool.

"Well, this is interesting. Two sisters are going to try kill each other in the arena? I wonder who'll win?" Tigerstar smirked, eyeing the she-cats with a satisfied glint in his eye. Hawkfrost had an evil grin plastered on his face.

"Okay, I will now tell you all one thing the tributes should know,"

Tigerstar held his head high. "This year will be ten times harder. We're adding dogs, monsters, poison, and other dangers. Of course, the dogs and monsters are not real; only controlled by us. But they are still as dangerous and powerful as real ones, and they CAN kill you!" Gasps of horror and surprise from the crowd made Dovewing's stomach knot even tighter. Monsters? Dogs? Poison? She would never survive this! She swallowed down a terrified wail and tried to look confident as Tigerstar instructed the clans to return home. Hawkfrost, like usual, was the one to lead the tributes to their caves.

"I can't believe you're in!" Ivypool whispered, her eyes wide with shock. Dovewing shook her head. "Me either," she murmured, "but there's nothing we can do, apart from you helping me out here! You've got experience, I haven't. Help me!"

"I will, Dovewing!" Tears crept into her sisters eyes as she and the rest of the ThunderClan cats were locked into their caves. Dovewing peered around. This wasn't the nicest place to stay. But it was only three nights, and besides, Dovewing had much more to worry about than a dump of a sleeping area. She tried to glance out of the small hole above her, only to catch a glimpse of a starry night sky. It was past moon-high. If she wanted to make a good impression tomorrow at the demonstrating, she'd have to get a lot of sleep.

"Before we do anything- I hate to be enemies with you five! I don't want to kill you." Hollyleaf's green eyes swept over Foxleap, Dustpelt, Berrynose and the sisters.

"Me either." Foxleap agreed, and he twitched his tail sadly as the other two toms settled down onto the damp, cold ground awkwardly. Dovewing and Ivypool forced a nod, then Hollyleaf suggested that they should go to sleep. Not needing another invitation, Dovewing curled up on the icy, wet, hard floor.

It wasn't long until the dimly lit cave was filled with gentle breathing of the sleeping cats. Dovewing shuddered, trying to ignore the cold dampness soaking into her fur. Her eyelids felt as heavy as rocks, and she finally drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 2

Guys, don't kill me but I'm skipping to when the Hunger Games begin. Ok? I'm too lazy to write all the other boring stuff. Anyways, enjoy!

Reminder: These are the chosen cats-

ThunderClan: Foxleap, Berrynose, Dustpelt, Ivypool, Hollyleaf and Dovewing.

ShadowClan: Cedarheart, Flintfang, Redwillow, Kinkfur, Olivenose and Tawnypelt.

RiverClan: Timberfur, Sparrowfeather, Nettlepad, Reedshine, Petalfur and Ottersplash.

WindClan: Acorntail, Deadfoot, Redclaw, Furzepelt, Greypool and Heathertail.

Okey dokey! Here goes!

Ivypool's POV

A distant, horrifying familiar sound pulled Ivypool out of her uncomfortable sleep. Her head jerked up, and she waited for her eyes to adjust to her surroundings. The spine-tingling noise sounded again, this time louder. Realisation hit Ivypool like a rock. Barking! The heavy, dreaded scent of dog filled her nose. There was dog in the Dark Forest! Was it real? The deadly canine growled nearby, sending shivers through her body.

"Don't worry. They can't hurt you." A warm voice purred behind her. "Not yet, anyway."

She swung around, facing Dustpelt.

"*They*?" Ivypool shuddered.

The grey tabby nodded, clawing nervously at the ground. "I've been up for ages. See that hole over there?" He gestured toward a hole in the stone cave to Ivypool's left side. "I watched them. It's a whole pack. They're just standing there, barking and growling. About thirty of them, I suppose."

"Thirty? Doesn't that *bother* you at all?" Fear and horror clawed at Ivypool's insides. Last years Hunger Games had been tough, but *dogs*?!

"Well, I'm not planning on surviving."

"*What*?"

"I know what the dogs are for. Twenty-four of them, anyway. The rest, I don't know."

"What do you mean? What are they for?"

But before Dustpelt could reply, the stone door behind them flung open and Hawkfrost burst into the cave.

"There's been a little bit of a time movement. No styling or getting ready. Just follow me." He explained briskly, not even waiting for the rest of the ThunderClan cats to wake up properly.

Even though Ivypool had already been through the terrifying process of stepping onto the lifting rock, her heart was pounding and waves if fright washed over her mercilessly. Hawkfrost emerged behind her.

"You ready?" He asked, then smirked coldly. "I don't care!" Chuckling evilly, he wrapped his jaw firmly around a low hanging vine, hauling Ivypool out into the sunshine. As soon as the rock underneath her stopped moving, she let her eyes scan through the familiar starting arena.

Suddenly, a dreadful smell washed against the roof of her mouth and a low rumble echoed behind her. Ivypool fluffed up her tail in fright and spun around. Standing behind her was a huge, muscular dog. It had glossy black fur with patches of ginger. It had a pointed snout and tall ears. It's small dark eyes glistened with hunger and

anger, and focused on her. Another growl escaped through its jagged yellow teeth.

Ivypool pressed down the urge to shriek and run, for she knew what would happen if she stepped off this rock before the beginning of the Hunger Games was announced.

It's not real, she thought, *it can't hurt me until its programmed to!*

Before Ivypool could do anything, Tigerstar's voice tore through the silent clearing.

"Welcome to this years Hunger Games, tributes!" He yowled. "As you can see, there are dogs behind each and every one of you. As soon as the start is announced, they wont hesitate to try to kill you. They're not real, but they're deadly. And they're all under *our* control." He smirked. "Bring me the prisoner!" He ordered. "Ivypool will know that we kill a cat to announce the start. This year, to make everything more emotional for you, and more satisfying for us, we have chosen a kit!"

Shrieks of horror erupted from the tributes as an unfamiliar Dark Forest cat emerged next to Tigerstar. Ivypool arched her next to see what everyone was so horrified about. Who was the tiny bundle in the strange cats' jaws? The cat dropped the kit at Tigerstar's paws and stepped back.

"Everyone, this is Mosskit." He yowled across the clearing. "Since she is a kit, her death cry will be a little harder to hear. But that's a good thing, because, if you don't hear it- the dog will get to you before you can say *'what*?'." He smirked, and raised a claw above the whimpering little kit. Ivypool squeezed her eyelids shut. She didn't want to watch the life fade out of Mosskit's eyes. The little kits squeal rang out, and the clearing immediately burst into frantic action. Ivypool screeched as the dog behind her furiously lunged forward, narrowly missing her tail. She bolted forward, the canine's hot breath on her fur. Her heart pounded.

Should she go for a leaf package? She wondered. Last time it had been a bloodbath. Not many cats had survived. Ivypool spun around and headed for the familiar, dense line of trees as a boom of

thunder rumbled close above her. Followed by another. Then another. And another. Blood pounded in her ears and her pads throbbed as Ivypool pelted into the forest, twigs swiping out at her like skinny, sharp claws. The dog was still chasing her; and was getting dangerously close. Ivypool's breath came out in short, sharp gasps and her stinging lungs shrieked for air. She heard the mangy mutt's paws thudding on the grass. Ivypool knew she had to find somewhere to hide. She didn't have enough energy to climb a tree, but on the other hand if she kept running, the dog would tear her to pieces sooner or later. Suddenly, a flash of darkness appeared in front of her. A rabbit hole! Without hesitating, Ivypool dove into it, closely dodging the dogs gleaming, sharp teeth. Struggling to catch her breath, Ivypool lay in a panting mess in the tight rabbit hole. The dog clawed desperately at the entrance, growling and barking angrily. But the hole was too small. Ivypool shrank back as bits of dirt crumbled from the ceiling. Her heartbeat quickened, and fear clutched her insides. Her eyes widened as the huge brute shoved its head toward her and snapped, sending saliva flying into her face. Three more rumbles of thunder interrupted its hunt and it pulled back. To Ivypool's relief, it gave up with a frustrated growl. She watched its paws turn around and pad away, its wiry tail dragging on the ground. The air was heavy with the scent of dog. *And blood.* Ivypool didn't remember the dogs teeth coming in contact with her body. She checked her body for any wounds, unsuccessfully. She froze when she heard soft panting. Ivypool knew she wasn't alone in the hole. Panic flooding over her, she squinted into the darkness, but her eyes took a while to adjust. There was indeed a cat down next to her. He hissed. Even though Ivypool couldn't make out his pelt, she sure wasn't imaging his gleaming claws sliding out. This cat wasn't an ally. Ivypool unsheathed her claws, but the tom caught her by surprise. Before she knew it, he had her flat on her back, his weight pressing her down. He dug his needle-sharp claws into her flank until she felt a warm, sticky liquid pulsing out. Her opponent dove in for the killing bite, but Ivypool was faster. With a determined *mrrow*, she heaved him off with her back legs. Yowling in surprise, the tom was flung against the earthy wall. He must've hit his head on an overhanging rock, because he landed on the ground with a sick crack and a thud. Then he lay still. It wasn't long until the boom of thunder announced his death. Ivypool shuddered and made a failed attempt to shake the blood out of her ragged pelt.

She leaned in to examine the toms face, taking a while to recognise him as Redclaw. Shaking, Ivypool slithered back out into the clearing. The day was young. And deadly. A boom of thunder proved her point. Ivypool knew she had to find her allies- Dustpelt, Dovewing, Hollyleaf, Foxleap and Berrynose. Suddenly, two more claps of thunder made her wonder whether they were alive at all. Fear for Dovewing especially weighed on her fur. She had to find them- before the moon rose. And since pale pink sunset light was creeping over the sky like ivy, there was no time to loose. Ivypool picked up speed and hurried in the opposite direction of the clearing.

Little did she know what was following her...

Dun, dun... DUN!! Soz for any typos, btw. I haven't had time to check it and I need to get the first chapter out there. Not sure whether that last sentence makes sense either. Oh well.

Chapter 4

You guys have waited so long for this. Sorry, but I've just been waiting for everyone to catch up.

Hollyleaf's wide eyes were stinging from the wind and her muscles were screaming in pain, but she kept running. She couldn't recognise the pawprints' scent over all the blood, but he or she was heavily injured and heading in for an easy kill.

"Dovewing!" She ducked underneath a clump of ferns, and stood panting in front of the damaged monster. There was no cat in sight. Just a bundle of grey fur inside the monster... That's when Hollyleaf saw the dog- it was a huge brown mutt with no tail. It was tearing at something brown with its teeth, but Dovewing seemed to be fine. The grey she-cat was panting heavily, her wide blue eyes fixed on the dog in fright. Hollyleaf was frozen to the spot in horror as the dog finished clawing at the brown scrap. It lifted its head and growled, staring right at Dovewing.

Hollyleaf snapped out of her trance and leapt onto the dog, claws unsheathed. With a surprised growl, the shaggy dog spun around and lunged out with its massive paws. The blow struck Hollyleaf right in the shoulder. She howled in pain and was flung onto the ground. A low growl escaped the dogs jaws and it foamed at the mouth. It lowered its head and charged. Terrified, she scrambled to her paws and swiped at the dogs muzzle. It snarled and didn't flinch. Then it dove at her, it's jagged yellow teeth narrowly missing her muzzle. Hollyleaf screeched and ducked, her shoulder throbbing with pain. The dogs paw flew out, its blunt claws tearing at Hollyleaf's black fur. Feeling defeated, she hissed, but knew she would die if the dog didn't stop.

"Hollyleaf! Behind you!" She heard Dovewing yowl. Hollyleaf glanced over her shoulder.

"Duck!"

The last thing Hollyleaf saw was a flash of orange and silver leaping over her before the dog swiped at her one more time. Then everything went black.

Unknown POV

Slowly, the cats eyes flickered open and she scanned her surroundings. She wasn't in the Hunger Games forest. A soft gust of wind ruffled her fur and the forest was filled with stars.
I can't be in StarClan?! She thought, heaving herself to her shaky legs. Her paws felt light; as if she was floating. A heavy, silver mist hung in the air and bright moonlight spilt white light on the leaf-littered floor. Confused, the she-cat looked around. She hadn't dreamt of StarClan in over ten years since the Dark Forest had taken over. What was going on? Was this a trick? It couldn't be! Everything looked so real!
Suddenly, something rustled behind her. The cat spun around, claw unsheathed. If this was a trick, she was ready for it!
The ferns rustled again and parted. The shadowy figure of a cat stepped out. The she-cat backed away, digging her claws into the earthy ground. She squinted as the cat emerged into the moonlight. The strangers beautiful tortoiseshell pelt gleamed in the light. The she-cats eyes widened in shock and her mouth hung open. She sheathed her claws and managed to find her voice.
"Spottedleaf?!" She choked out.
Could it be... the return of Spottedleaf?? Please comment what you think!!!

Chapter 5

Dovewing's POV
(Meanwhile)
The dog barked again in fury as the two screeching furballs attacked. Dovewing's eyes widened, staring at the black clump of fur lying a few foxlengths away from the cat whom the dog had shredded before. Her heart pounded. Is Hollyleaf okay? She thought worriedly. Is she even alive? To her relief, she noticed that she was breathing. Dovewing now had her eyes glued on the dog, furiously snapping at the two attackers. But soon, it gave up and with a frustrated whine, it bolted away. Dovewing, still in shock, watched the cats shake blood out of her fur. Suddenly, there were two claps of thunder in the air. But Dovewing breathed a sigh of relief to see her saviours were still alive. Then she realised who they were.
"Ivypool!" Dovewing didn't take long to recognise her sister. And... Foxleap! *They* had saved her!
"Are you okay, Dovewing?" Ivypool bounded over, panting. Her blue eyes were filled with worry and she wasn't too badly injured except for a few bloody scratches. They didn't seem to bother her. Foxleap hung back, cuffing his paws at the ground nervously. His green eyes flickered up and around as if expecting the dog to leap out at him any second.
"I'm fine," Dovewing replied shakily. "But Hollyleaf..." She trailed off, terror streaking through her. If Hollyleaf was dead, she had risked her own life to save her! Ivypool bent over the unconscious she-cat and sniffed her.
"She's got a bad bruise on her shoulder and head. And a few wounds. But she'll be fine; I just need to find some herbs!"
Dovewing admired Ivypool's calmness. "Foxleap, get Hollyleaf into the shelter and get water for Dovewing," Ivypool commanded, then turned tail and disappeared into the ferns.
Foxleap shore Dovewing an unreadable look and trotted off to find moss.
Soon, he returned, clumsily carrying a soaked ball of moss that dripped slim over the ground and his paws. Dovewing stifled a purr of amusement as she noticed the shyness in his eyes.

"Here," he mumbled, dropping the wet moss at her paws.
"Thanks." Dovewing smiled and gratefully lapped up the water. It was cool, sweet and refreshing in her dry mouth. Foxleap flinched as a rumbling *boom* rang in the sky. He shot a worried glance at Hollyleaf, but the black she-cat's flank was weakly moving up and down.
"Who's the cat that the dog was killing before?" He asked out of the blue.
"I don't know. It looks like a brown tabby, but its shredded to pieces and there's too much blood to see who it is." Dovewing shuddered. She remembered the dogs teeth biting at the cats flesh, painful screeches, tearing its fur apart and bloody pieces flying everywhere...
"Well, we'll find out tonight when the deaths are announced," he replied through a mouthful of fur. He was dragging Hollyleaf into the shelter of the old monster. Suddenly, there were three more rumbles in the distance.
"Guess there'll be more pictures up in the sky than I expected. If-" Foxleap didn't finish his sentence.
An earsplitting crash tore through the humid sun-high air, followed by a shriek. There was a rumbling, but not like a death cannon. A strong, disgusting smell flooded Dovewing's nostrils, its putrid stink blocking out all her other scenes. Before neither if them could to or say anything, Ivypool leaped out of the ferns. Her silver fur was plastered to her body with sweat; her eyes were wide in terror and she was panting.
"Run!" She screamed, looking behind her. The rumbling was getting closer.
"What's going on?!" Foxleap yelled over the noise.
"A badger... it-it must've followed me," Ivypool gasped. "There's a-a monster... the badger was r-run over!" Dovewing could see the fright in her sisters eyes.
"Come on! I-It's going to kill us!" She panted. Dovewing tried to get up, but a fierce stinging in her shoulder forced to collapse with a cry of agony.
"Oh no! Dovewing!" Foxleap's voice seemed far away. Red edged her vision and she struggled to look up. Slowly her eyes cleared. A huge, yellow monster burst through the trees, rattling the whole forest with its noise. The front of it smashed into one of the large oaks. The tree shook violently, countless leaves raining down. The

monster charged again, ramming into the tree. With groan and a creek, the wooden trunk bent, and the oak toppled over. The sound of splintering branches an rustling rang in Dovewing's ears. Next to her, Foxleap was trembling. Hollyleaf lay motionless behind them and Ivypool stood a few foxlengths in front, frozen to the spot in horror.
The monsters huge, black, blood-smeared paws crushed the remaining branches as it is carelessly drove on toward the four cats, getting closer and closer. Too close. Dovewing snapped out of her petrified trance, just in time to see the monster loom over Ivypool. "Ivypool!" She screamed. "No!!"
But Ivypool was frozen to the spot. The monsters bloody paws hit her down. That's when she snapped out of it. But it was too late. With a screech of agony, Ivypool disappeared under the monsters paws. It's engine spluttered and coughed, and came to an abrupt halt. A pool of blood leaked out underneath it and a clap if thunder announced that Ivypool had taken her last breath.
Dovewing was struck by disbelief. Her sister couldn't be dead! Winner of last years Hunger Games, dead?! It had happened so quickly! She felt a silent, warm tear slowly trickle down her face. Something furry touched her shoulder. Foxleap nuzzled her comfortingly, but Dovewing didn't seem to notice. She just stood there, starring in shock at the still yellow monster. The real world seemed far away, and she felt herself plunging into a black hole of grief and horror.

You know, I didn't LIKE killing off Ivypool. But I can't tell you why I made her due because that would spoil the story, wouldn't it? ;)
Btw, (I did this for some organisation :P) here are the deaths so far; just so you know...

((Deaths: (17) Acorntail, Ottersplash, Cedarheart, Greypool, Kinkfur, Redclaw, Berrynose, Timberfur, Dustpelt, Petalfur, Sparrowfeather, Furzepelt, Nettlepad, Olivenose, Redwillow, Deadfoot, Ivypool.

So , the survivors are...

ThunderClan: Foxleap, Hollyleaf and Dovewing.

ShadowClan: Flintfang and Tawnypelt.

RiverClan: Reedshine.

WindClan: Heathertail.

Chapter 6

Foxleap's POV
A soft breeze ruffled the scruff of silver-grey fur beside Foxleap. The ginger warrior hadn't managed to get an eye shut after what had happened. After finally helping Dovewing get to sleep, he had stayed awake for hours, scanning the dark shadows pooled on the leafy ground outside the old monster for any signs of danger. Shuddering, he couldn't help replaying the terrible accident with the yellow creature. He couldn't get Ivypool's screech of agony as the huge black paws crushed the life out of her out of his mind. This wasn't supposed to happen! Ivypool wasn't supposed to die like this! He had never, ever felt as hopeless and alone before. These Hunger Games were very different from what he had seen on screen in the lake. Although the number of days that had past were unknown to him, he knew more than three quarters of the tributes were dead. No cat had attacked them so far. That was weird. Only dogs and monsters.
Suddenly something stirred behind him in the corner of his eye, pulling him out of his thoughts. Pricking his ears in alarm, Foxleap shot a glance at Hollyleaf. Her flank was rising peacefully. Then her black head slowly lifted and her bright green eyes flickered open, shining on the dark.
"Hollyleaf!" He cried joyfully. "You're awake at last!" Behind him, Dovewing's head had snapped up.
"How are you feeling? Are you ok?" She questioned, worry filling her eyes.
"I-I I can't... Where--" Hollyleaf staggered to her paws.
"What?" Foxleap asked. She must be confused.
"I... Had a-a dream... F-from StarClan..."
"Hollyleaf, have a rest. The dog must've hit your head hard!" Dovewing said gently.
"No! I can't- I saw... Who..."
"Hollyleaf-"
"Spottedleaf!" Hollyleaf blurted out, trembling. Her green eyes were wide.
Foxleap's neck fur bristled. *What's wrong with her? Is she going crazy?*

Panicked questions buzzed in Foxleap's head.
"No, Hollyleaf. There *is* no StarClan. Spottedleaf is dead. Forever." Dovewing murmured.
"Please! Y-You have to believe me!" Hollyleaf begged. Her voice shook with fear. "She told me something!"
"No, she didn't. You're confused." The grey-silver she-cat padded over, touching her tail tip to Hollyleaf's shoulder. "Get back to sleep. You'll feel better in the morning."
"No, please!" Tears rose in the black cats eyes. "You have to listen! Listen to me! She told me-"
"Stop! Settle down and rest!" Foxleap told her, rushing to her side. He gently pressed her down. Hollyleaf sure was upset. The dogs paw must've really messed with her head. *After so many years, how could Hollyleaf think of Spottedleaf? The ancient medicine cat was dead.*
"Ignore her. She'll fall asleep soon, and then she'll feel better." But Dovewing sounded as if she was trying to convince herself more than Foxleap. But he nodded and settled down next to her. His jaws parted into a huge yawn, and he realised how heavy his eyelids were. It wasn't long until he finally let a wave of sleep wash over him and carry him into a deep, restless slumber.

Dovewing's POV
Pale moonlight flooded Dovewing's eyes as she slowly forced them open. The air around her was filled with strange whispers and scents. Thick mist clung onto a soft, cool breeze. Dovewing's heart pounded, realising her body felt like it was floating; as if she were a ghost.
"Dovewing..." A whisper louder than the others echoed through the tall, shadowy line of trees. "Dovewing..."
Fear and confusion took over her brain. Her head flung from side to side, eyes wide. *This must be a Dark Forest illusion. Some evil cat is going to leap out any moment!* Praying that she was wrong, Dovewing crouched close to the moist grass below her and pricked her ears. She'd gotten used to not having hearing powers, but the silence was deafening. "W-Who's there?" She choked out, scolding herself for sounding like a scared little kit.
"Don't worry, young one." The voice sounded again, this time louder.
Dovewing forced her fur to lie flat and tried to sound confident.

"Who are you? Show yourself!' She demanded, letting her claws slide out. But she quickly sheathed them when the sleek figure cat slithered out into the opening. Dovewing spluttered out a hoarse cry of surprise.
"Spottedleaf?" She stammered. "This isn't you. This is a trick!"
Dovewing squeezed her eyes shut, wishing she were back home in ThunderClan camp. *This isn't happening!*
"Yes, it's me. But we mustn't waste time, I've got to tell you something!" The small tortoise she-cat replied, her voice soft like silk. "Look," she said, dabbing a paw into a late puddle in between them. The silver, moonlit water rippled, and an image began to form. Dovewing squinted hard. Then she noticed ShadowClan, WindClan, RiverClan and ThunderClan territory.
"The clans map!" She gasped. "But... why are you showing me this?"
"You are there." Spottedleaf's dappled tail hovered over a small clearing near ThunderClan terrify. "Not far..." her voice trailed off and her green eyes were focused in Dovewing again.
"I don't understand!" Dovewing wailed, confusion whirling around her like a snowstorm.
"You must travel where the moon meets water." Spottedleaf declared sombrely. Her gaze was fixed straight ahead.
"What? I don't understand!"
But the ancient medicine cat was beginning to fade. With a flicker, she disappeared completely.
Already, she felt a strong tug pulling her out of her dream, back into the real world. Back into the Hunger Games.
Dovewing awoke with a gasp, her head shooting up. Spottedleaf's voice rang in her ears: *You must travel where the moon meets water.* She desperately scanned their makeshift den, only to find Hollyleaf's nest empty, her stale scent still barely lingering in the air.
Hollyleaf was gone.

This is possibly the last chapter of 2014. MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Chapter 8

Foxleap's POV
Foxleap's heart lurched. Surprised, he spun around. But before he could see anything, the cat hurtled at him, claws gleaming.
"No!" Dovewing's voice shrieked behind him. He felt sharp claws raking down his chest, opening up deep wounds. He screeched and pummelled weakly at the cats belly.
"I hope you weren't getting convinced that you could *actually* visit StarClan here," a she-cats voice snarled in his ear. Foxleap's heart pounded as he struggled out of the she-cats grip. Suddenly, her weight vanished. With a screech, Dovewing and the she-cat wrestled on the floor. Gasping for air, Foxleap dragged himself toward the shimmering water of the Moonpool. Blood leaked from his mouth. He glanced back at Dovewing and... Mapleshade! He had recognised her from the reaping. All their hopes were destroyed! Mapleshade would never let them escape now. Suddenly, the ball of fur crashed into him.
"Oof!" He lost his balance and rolled with Dovewing and Mapleshade on the ground. Mapleshade's paw struck his shoulder, tearing open his pelt. With a yowl, Foxleap pulled away. But then he felt himself balancing at the edge of the Moonpool.
"Hey!" Mapleshade's voice screeched. "Get away from there!"
Foxleap didn't hesitate. He flung himself into the water. The icy liquid soaked his pelt, tugging him down. He let himself go limp as the darkness dragged him into its depths...

Hollyleaf's POV
ikr, POV skipping like a boss! ;[]

"Yes!" Hollyleaf hissed triumphantly. She wobbled a little on her legs, but was finally standing. Although her blood encrusted wounds were still stinging, her pounding headache was gone and memories were returning. Hollyleaf remembered the she-cat who had pushed her. She remembered her weak body tumbling down... down... down the rocky hill. Hollyleaf had been trying to get somewhere, but she couldn't recall where. That's right... then she

remembered her dream. Spottedleaf. Yes! Of course! *Go where the moon meets water.* Where the moon meets water... the Moonpool. That's where she was going. But how had she ended up on the rocky hill? A she-cat had pushed her. But who? Hollyleaf couldn't remember whether she had recognised her attackers face or not. She didn't know if it was a tribute- but then again, of course it was. But why hadn't she killed Hollyleaf? Maybe she had thought Hollyleaf would die from the fall. But what she did know was that she needed to get to the Moonpool, and she had to get there fast. Something deep down didn't feel right. Something inside Hollyleaf told her a horrible thing had happened...

Chapter 10

Hollyleaf's POV
Hollyleaf forced her eyes open, trying to ignore the stinging in her blurry vision. Dovewing's grey fur was a few tail-lengths away from her. She motioned downwards with her paw. Hollyleaf looked down, surprised to see orange fur less than her own length away. A few bubbles escaped Dovewing's mouth as she reached down to grab Foxleap by his scruff. Hollyleaf pushed herself forward to help her friend drag the unconscious tom upwards. Her lungs were starting to ache for oxygen, but she kept pulling. Until she felt her ear tips brush cool air. With one last push, her head broke the surface, along with Dovewing's. Relieved, she gasped for air and heaved Foxleap onto the hard ground.
"We did it!" Hollyleaf panted, while Dovewing coughed water onto the floor.
"He's still dreaming." Hollyleaf added, shaking her drenched pelt. "But he's safe."
Dovewing nodded, gazing at the sleeping warrior. "We should drink the water, too. I mean, Spottedleaf obviously wanted us to! I wonder what Foxleap is doing right now!"
"Let's go!" Hollyleaf meowed, suddenly fuzzing with energy.
"Wait!" Dovewing gasped. "Do you hear that?" Hollyleaf pricked her ears and strained to identify any sounds above their heavy breathing. Claws. Claws scrabbling on stone just outside the Moonpool Cave. Fear squeezed Hollyleaf's heart.
"Who-"
"Shh!" Dovewing hissed. She crept forward and peered out of the opening.
"Help!" A voice called from down below. "It's-its me, uh, Lionblaze!"
Hollyleaf's eyes widened. *Lionblaze? He's dead!* She thought.
"Lionblaze! We're coming!" Dovewing screeched and hurried out of the cave, Hollyleaf not far behind.
Suddenly something slammed into Hollyleaf's side. She lost her balance and tumbled down the rocky hillside, just to be pinned down by some cat at the bottom. The air was knocked out of her lungs and she gasped for oxygen under the cats heavy paws. She

gagged as an evil, revolting smell crept into her nose. Her face was pressed into the stone, but out of the corner of her eye she could she Dovewing also pinned down under a dark tabby.
"Looks like our little plan worked, huh?" A voice snarled. At first Hollyleaf didn't recognise it. But then...
Hollyleaf's blood turned to ice in her veins.
Tigerstar.

CHAPTER 11 IS OUT!

Dovewing' POV

Dovewing's heart dropped to her stomach as she finally identified the voice.
"Tigerstar?" She gasped. *No!*
Tigerstar ignored her.
"Well, well, well! Look who we have here!" He growled.
The cat pinning her down spoke up. "T-Tigerstar," the voice said. Darkstripe. "Just a reminder," he went on, "that it is against the rules to kill -or interfere with- the tributes while they are in the Hunger Games."
"Against the rules? *Against the rules*?" Tigerstar screeched. "Have you forgotten who *made* the rules, Darkstripe?"
"You, Tigerstar." Dovewing could feel the dark tabby's fear pulsing through his veins.
"That's right, flea-pelt!" Tigerstar spat.
"B-But what would happen if we kill them?" Another voice said; the cat above Hollyleaf. "The Hunger Games would not be complete!"
Tigerstar hissed. "What's more important to you, Brokenstar? A completed Hunger Games or *complete destruction of the Dark Forest*?!" He demanded, rage burning in the leaders amber eyes.
"Destruction?" Brokenstar asked. "I'm confused. The Dark Forest cannot be destroyed. By anyone, or anything. Or am I wrong?"
Tigerstar did not reply. He sighed and sat on his haunches, his dark tabby tail lashing.
"I am disgusted by your stupidity, both of you." He growled after a long pause. "What do you *think* would happen if the tributes found the ultimate portal to StarClan?"
"StarClan does not exist, Tigerstar." Brokenstar said.
"StarClan cannot *be* destroyed!" Tigerstar screeched. Dovewing flinched as Tigerstar padded toward her and Brokenstar. He pressed his muzzle face to face with the dark leader. His rotting scent made her gag.

"StarClan cannot be destroyed!" He repeated. "The Dark Forest cannot be destroyed either. The cat heaven and hell. No-one can destroy them!" He swung his head to glare at Darlstripe. "But one can be overpowered. Defeated. That's what we did. But they are not gone. We cannot be gone. The Dark Forest overpowered StarClan and therefor had power over the clans." Tigerstar padded away from Brokenstar and took a seat again.
"You mean-" Darkstripe started.
"Shut your jaws, mangy, dumb flea-pelt! You do not get it!" Tigerstar was furious. "StarClan is not completely gone. There is always one way for them to return. They are the *mighty StarClan*, after all!" He hissed angrily. "There is a way for them to to return. and that's at the Moonpool."
Dovewing gasped. *So that's why Spottedleaf wanted us to go here! There is really a way to bring StarClan back!*
"Oh." Darkstripe sounded just as surprised as her. "What do we do with these two? We cannot kill--"
"Yes, yes, I know! We can't kill them!" Tigerstar hissed angrily. "We can't disqualify them either, but we have to keep them a away from the Moonpool."
"I have an idea." Brokenstar growled. "We can block off the entrance with stones!"
Tigerstar grumbled. "I guess it could work. Let's try it! But first...." He grinned at Dovewing ten Hollyleaf. "We have to take care that these two won't be able to stop us or escape."
Dovewing's eyes widened, and Darkstripe'seyes pierced hers. He lifted a claw.
"*Wait*!" A voice called, just as the dark tabby was seconds away from his attack.
Foxleap!

OOH and that's the official ending chapter guys! Sorry about the cliffhanger ending. But that's it.
I hope you all enjoyed the two Hunger games books!
Also sorry about any typos there, it's not edited!
To give you guys some kind of closure, basically what happens is Foxleap attacks Tigerstar, and right before he (Foxleap) is about to die, StarClan cats come out of the cave place and..... Yeah the Dark Forest is defeated.